SWEETS THE LOVE
THAT MEETS RETURN.

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LOVE'S REPOSITORY,

OR A NEW COLLECTION OF

VALENTINES;

SELECTED FROM THE BEST

BRITISH POETS;

With considerable Alterations and Additions.

BY A LADY.

Printed by SHAW & SON, *Silver Street, Fleet Street,* for CHAMPANTE & WHITROW *Jewry Street, Aldgate.*

1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

VALENTINES.

Valentine.

GO happy paper bear my ſighs away,
To Ellen's ear the tender notes convey;
As ſome ſad turtle his loſt mate deplores,
And ſecret pines for her he much adores,
Far from you to the wild winds I mourn,
Thus far from them,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
From you the trees their pleaſing ſhades deny,
From you the flowers hang their heads and die,
To me inſipid ſeems each cheerful throng,
No more I prize the bowl, the dance, the ſong:
Attend my fair, and my fond ſuit approve,
No earthly power can make me ceaſe to love.
How happy ſhall I be to call you mine,
Your heart may judge, my lovely Valentine.

Valentine.

Oh love! before I knew thy cruel power,
Serene and joyous roll'd my happy days,
Calm was my breaſt as is the ſilent hour,
When o'er the deep the playful zephyr ſtrays.
But ſince I've felt thy tyrant arts,
Soft peace my boſom fled,
In waſting ſighs my aching heart,
Is by love's influence led.
Oh! could I hope your love to gain,
That love would free my heart from pain,
All doubts would fly, and I no more complain!

Valentine.

Oh tyrant love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The receſſes of my fond breaſt,
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But entering learns to be ſincere.
Love's purer flames the gods approve,
And I, like others, bend to love;

For

For you when abſent heaves my ſighs,
No pleaſure cheers my longing eyes,
No joy elates the heart, that's truly thine,
And fondly hopes to call you Valentine.

Valentine.

Why virtue doſt thou blame deſire
  Which nature has impreſt?
Why nature doſt thou ſooneſt fire
  The mild and generous breaſt.
A breaſt that beats for none but you,
  Devoid of guile or art;
That vows for ever to be true,
  Till fatal death us part?
What various paſſions take their turns,
  What pleaſing tranſports prove:
My heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
  With reverence, hope, and love.
Oh eaſe my heart, conſent, ſweet love be mine,
That I may bleſs the day of Valentine.

Valentine.

May you with choiceſt gifts from Heaven be
bleſt,
And no uneaſy cares diſturb your reſt;
May all your hours with ſweet content be
crown'd,
With peace and plenty ever ſmiling round.
Such is the wiſh of one who long has lov'd,
And yet againſt that fatal paſſion ſtrove;
I ſecret ſigh, whilſt on your face I gaze,
And ardent wiſh love's paſſion I could raiſe;
Your heart I know to tenderneſs inclin'd,
I dare not ſpeak—though love uſurps my mind.

Valentine.

Away vain joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmizes,
Begone falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurprizes,
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine;

Pureſt

Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Hours of eaſe, and days of pleaſure,
Shall attend my Valentine.

Valentine.

In caſting lots, it was my chance,
Myſelf ſo highly to advance,
The diſgrace is your's, the honor mine,
To chooſe you for my Valentine.

Valentine.

O nightingale! ſweet poet of the grove,
That mournful ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee;
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love,
Lend thy ſoft ſtrain, ſweet nightingale to me.
For I, alas! muſt mourn my hapleſs ſtate,
I love a youth who all my boſom warms;
Yet waſte my days in ſighs, for cruel fate!
Inhuman fortune keeps him from my arms;

For

For you I languiſh, and I hourly pine,
Dear youth, who now I claim as Valentine,
O grant propitious love! you may be mine.

Valentine.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
  Yet dares not tell his anxious pain,
But to the ſympathetic groves,
  Or to the lonely liſtening plain.
Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
  Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flow'ry tracts along the mead,
  In freſher mazes o'er the green.
Ye gentle ſpirits of the vale,
  To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lillies waft a gale,
  And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.
Oh! tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
  Though fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh! tell her that my virtuous flame,
  Is, as her ſpotleſs ſoul, refin'd:

But if at firſt her virgin fear,
Should ſtart at love's ſuſpected name;
With that of friendſhip ſoothe her ear,
For love and friendſhip are the ſame.

Valentine.

The wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the falſe illuſive light,
Whoſe flattering inauſpicious blaze,
To precipices oft betrays.
But that ſweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cheers the heart;
Is like the lovely queen of night,
Who pours a charming gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers bleſt,
Conducting them to peace and reſt.
But ah! your radient eyes diſpenſe,
A mild and gracious influence,
To love thee, charming maiden, ſure,
Is to be happy, tender, pure;

From

From all low paſſions to eſcape,
And court bright virtue's faireſt ſhape:
My lovely Valentine, O may you be my wife;
And happy I ſhall ſtile myſelf through life.

Valentine.

Unleſs with my Amelia bleſt,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
In vain I rear the tender flower.
Awaken'd by the genial year,
The tuneful birds around me ſing,
But vain the freſh'ning fields appear
Without my love there is no ſpring.
And lovely ſpring my hopes incline,
To chooſe you for my Valentine.

Valentine.

Now dun clad twilight uſhers lowering night,
And damp dews creep along the lonely vale;

The

The bat deſerted wheels his loneſome flight,
And melancholy ſighs in ev'ry gale.
This grove deſerted, ruinous, and wild,
Whoſe brown top bends beneath the evening breeze,
Is ſtill the muſe of fancy's airy child,
And ſeems to whiſper how it once could pleaſe.
Here then I mourn the abſence of my love;
My trembling heart in dread ſuſpenſe doth mourn:
Oh kindly pity, and my flame approve,
Let fond affection meet a ſweet return.
For long I've lov'd, and long my flame conceal'd,
Yet on this morn, I thought it to reveal.
Thy faithful Valentine, I'll ever prove,
And future days ſhall glide away in love.

Valentine.

Ye ſhepherds who make the cool grove,
With your pipe's rural muſic reſound,

Be dumb whilſt I ſing of my love,
To the woodlands and vallies around.
Not all the ſweet bloſſoms of ſpring,
Nor ſummer's more gorgeous attire;
Not all that ripe autumn can bring,
Can paint the dear girl I admire.
But though the rude winter of age,
O'er the cheeks of my love may prevail,
Her ſoul muſt for ever engage,
Her ſweetneſs for ever avail.
How ſweetly the moments would glide,
Though a cottage were all my domain;
If you would but ſit by my ſide,
If you would but ſmile on your ſwain.

Valentine.

What mortal on thee without rapture can gaze,
Who with form ſo angelic ſuch graces diſplays;
Such virtue, ſuch beauty, ſo noble an air,
Our hearts muſt enſlave, our ſenſes enſnare.
Oh! ceaſe then dear maid, ſo enchanting to be,
Or liſt to thy lover, who doats upon thee.

Valentine.

Valentine.

Yes I'm in love, I know it now,
And with your leave I'll tell you how,
My heart I feel inceſſant beat,
And all my ſenſes in a heat;
Sure this is love in fulleſt blaze,
As ſure my eyes do fondly gaze;
And oft I ſigh and wiſh you mine,
That I may call you Valentine.

Valentine.

Sweet maid, who can ſuperior beauty boaſt?
Oh! you ſhall ever be my conſtant toaſt.
Your looks, your words, ſuch ſentiments impart,
As charms the eye, and captivates the heart.
Your health will make the glaſs more gaily ſhine
And add a richer flavour to my wine,
In hopes you ſoon will be my Valentine.

An Anſwer.

Ceaſe, Oh! ceaſe your ſoft complaining,
I've a heart that ſcorns diſdaining,
I no baſhful meanings want,
All that virtue aſks, I'll grant.
Domeſtic bliſs my ſoul adores,
When hymen's bands two hearts intwine,
May love and peace their bleſſings pour,
On you my love and Valentine.

Valentine.

Kind youth allow a youthful maid,
To ſend theſe trembling lines,
And ſpeak the ſecrets of her heart,
On day of Valentine.
Long has ſhe felt love's tender flame,
And long the ſame conceal'd;
Truſting by time or fortune's aid,
That flame might be reveal'd.
And Oh! how happy ſhould I be,
If freed my heart from pain,

And for my heart you would in truth,
Return me yours again.

Valentine.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will every pleaſure prove;
The ſweets of love ſuch rapture yields,
As every hour with tranſport fills.
My Valentine, this morn thou wert,
A name long wiſh'd for in my heart;
A heart that beats for you alone,
A heart that long has been your own,
That hourly ſighs with anxious care,
Leſt yours, and vows another's are;
But hope returns, my wiſh to prove,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Valentine.

Since loſt to peace of mind ſerene,
I drag my chain in fruitleſs hope:

I'll court each melancholy ſcene,
And give my ſorrows their full ſcope.
My noble, ſprightly, gallant tar,
Who ſports with fierce deſtructive war,
Think what I feel, where'er thou art,
Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.
Hope, doubt, and fear, and winds and waves,
More dreadful to the love loſs'd mind,
Than thoſe the ſkilful ſailor braves,
Who leaves pale care and grief behind.
Thy abſence robs my heart of reſt,
And brooding care afflicts my breaſt:
When jealous fears like mine, ſhall prove,
The truth of my dear ſailor's love.
Come ſmiling peace and with thy wiſh'd return,
My ſailor bring, whoſe abſence now I mourn.

Valentine.

Again the genial year returns,
Ariſe ſweet bloſſoms of the ſpring,
With chearful notes, ye tuneful choir,
Ariſe, ariſe, ſweet birds and ſing.

This

This day propitious ſhines on all,
The feather'd race obeys the call,
And ſeeks its tender mate :—ſo I,
Feel the ſoft power of love's all conquering ſway ;
And anxious heave the tender ſigh,
While hope re-animates my feeble lays.
Sweet day of Valentine, my ſuit approve ;
Oh ! grant my boon, for all I aſk is love.
And may your heart love's potent power feel ;
What mine endures, I here will not reveal.

Valentine.

Not long ago how gay was I,
My heart was then at reſt ;
I knew not what it was to ſigh ;
Of love I made a jeſt.
But ſoon I found 'twas all in vain,
To thwart the urchin's will ;
And now I'm doom'd to wear the chain,
Of you my lovely girl.

Great gods! who make mankind your care,
And judge unſeen above;
Oh! be propitious to my prayer,
Give me the maid I love.
My faithful heart can never change,
'Tis fix'd on love and you;
By this he vows he ne'er will range,
But ever will be true.

Valentine.

When forc'd from my charmer to go,
What ſorrows I felt at my heart;
And I thought (but it might not be ſo)
You was ſorry to ſee me depart.
But glory that calls me away,
Will reſtore me with honor again;
And when my ſweet girl heaves a ſigh,
Thoſe ſighs ſhall be ne'er heav'd in vain.
For love will protect thy ſailor * from harms,
And when peace is reſtor'd yield him ſafe to your arms:

* Or ſoldier.

Though

Though abſent, I truſt your kind heart will
incline,
To receive with affection this true Valentine.

Valentine.

Serene is the morning, the lark leaves its neſt,
And ſings a ſalute to the dawn;
The ſun in full ſplendour embroiders the
Eaſt,
And brightens the dew on the lawn.
'Tis Valentine's day, and my love I addreſs,
This paper can boaſt of a flame,
So pure and ſo kind, I want words to expreſs,
But I aſk you to give it a name.
And while my ſweet love on this paper you
gaze,
Heave a ſigh for a heart that is true;
And believe that it ſuch warm affection
conveys,
As exiſts for no other, but you.

Valentine.

Valentine.

Oh gentle air! to whom alone,
The ſigh that heaves my heart is known.
To Anna's ſofteſt boſom bear,
That tender ſigh,—Oh gentle air!
And while in fond and wanton play,
You o'er her cheek and boſom ſtray,
Say if of me ſhe chance to ſpeak,
Then heaves that breaſt, or glows that cheek.
Oh! if to thee a ſigh is known,
Which Anna ſhews to thee alone;
Haſte, haſte, on quickeſt pinions bear,
To me that ſigh, Oh! gentle air.

Valentine.

Accept this token of my love,
My only wiſh I'll name,
That you my Valentine will prove,
And love with equal flame.

No

No ſtudied phraſe adorns my lines:
My heart devoid of guile,
Now courts the day of Valentine,
And lives but in your ſmile.
Long have I lov'd, then ah! be kind,
And faith and truth in me you'll find.

Valentine.

My peace of mind I loſt when firſt I view'd
Your beauteous form which ever will intrude,
And rob my boſom of ſerene repoſe:
A boſom that no headſtrong paſſion knows.
This paper, ah peruſe! and while you ſee,
The lines convey'd, think from deceit they're free.
I aſk you for my Valentine and friend,
And ah! believe, my love can know no end.

Valentine.

Oh Jane, thy looks have pierc'd my heart,
I paſs the day in pain;

When

When night returns I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
But think, my Jane, what I endure,
While cruel you decline,
Thoſe pleaſures that can only cure,
Were you my Valentine.
My buſineſs I for you neglect,
'Tis you my mind engage,
Then grant my ſuit, nor me reject,
But all my cares aſſuage.

Valentine.

'Tis glory calls, its ſummons I obey,
And cruel fate compels thy love away;
But though I muſt my native plains forego,
Forſake theſe fields, forſake my charmer too:
No change of fortune ever ſhall remove,
The ſettled baſe of my eternal love.
Enclos'd by foes, and by rude dangers preſt,
Your image will be preſent in my breaſt.
And though hard fortune me to arms deſign'd,
Think what he feels who leaves his heart behind.

Valentine.

Valentine.

What fury's this diſturbs my reſt,
What torment's this within my breaſt.
Now I abhor, and now I love,
And each an equal torture prove.
I ſee full well your cruelty,
I ſee you love all men but me.
I ſee your falſehood, ſee your pride,
I ſee ten thouſand faults beſide;
I ſee you ſtick at nought that's ill,
Yet oh ye powers!—I love you ſtill,
And each new reaſon I explore,
I ſtrive to hate, and yet, I love you more.

Valentine.

Though the ſweeteſt vermillion adorn
The cheek of the beautiful fair,
Though her face boaſts the freſhneſs of morn,
And the graces embelliſh her air,

Yet

Yet the paſſion which theſe can inſpire,
Is cold, and will quickly decay,
Such charms for a while we admire,
But fleeting and ſhort is their ſway.
When goodneſs illumines the eyes,
And good nature enlivens the ſmile;
Then all that in beauty we prize,
Will the heart of the gazer beguile.

Valentine.

Sweet Emily adieu!
Adieu my only love!
Far off I now muſt view,
The meads o'er which you rove.
Though exil'd to that ſhore,
My faith will ſtill remain,
And thou, alas! no more,
Shall hear my plaintive ſtrain.
But yet while life doth laſt,
In this ſad breaſt of mine,
With love ſincere I'll think,
Of you, my Valentine.

Valentine.

Charming maid, whom I approve,
Fate decrees you for my love;
Thy value rubies far tranſcends,
On thee my happineſs depends.
Liſten to the wond'rous tale,
Which I am going to reveal:
Virtue hath predeſtin'd thee,
Providence declar'd, to me.
" Know, for certain, ſhe's the beſt,
" The faireſt, trueſt, faithfuleſt."
Of this aſſur'd, my hopes incline,
To claim you for my Valentine.

Valentine.

A heart that never falſehood knew,
I ſend my charming fair;
If ſuch a preſent's worth regard,
Oh, let it claim your care.

But if its coldneſs ſhould diſpleaſe,
As not to beauty due,
Accept another ever warm,
To friendſhip, love, and you.
A heart that boaſts a tender flame,
Sincere and conſtant too;
That long has try'd your love to claim,
And vows 'twill e'er be true.

Valentine.

How ſtiff your gait, and ſtrait your back:
A ſoldier to be ſure!—good lack!
I ſmile to ſee you hold your gun,
Strutting in gaters, to you, ſeems fun.
But what more pleaſes the deſire,
Is to march to the drum, and then to fire:
How pretty ſure, the thing doth pop,
This toy makes tradeſmen quit their ſhop;
To be a ſoldier is ſo ſmart,
Perhaps you think to charm each heart.

I do

I do not mean to give you mine,
Though I ſend you this Valentine.

Valentine.

Laſt night I had a wond'rous dream,
And ſure I thought 'twas true;
At my bedſide ſomething did ſeem,
I really thought 'twas you.
I wak'd, but ah, the fancy fled,
And found myſelf alone in bed.
Again I try'd to cloſe my eyes,
But ſoon the ſun began to ſhine;
And ſomething whiſper'd "Thomas riſe,
"Chooſe Sally for your Valentine.

An Anſwer.

With ſweet words and looks ſo tender,
Well you have your flame expreſs'd,

And conjure me to ſurrender,
All you wiſh to make you bleſs'd.
Say, for yet I'm not complying,
If bright honor ſways your mind:
Then there can be no denying,
When you aſk, I may be kind.

Another.

My heart's my own, my will is free,
And ſo ſhall be my voice,
And ſure no one ſhall wed with me,
Till firſt he's made my choice.
Parents may rule, but ah, in this,
My choice muſt yet be free;
For where I give my hand, my heart
Muſt with the ſame agree.
Your promis'd truth, and offer'd love,
Is pleaſing to my mind;
And when that faith and truth I prove,
A juſt reward you'll find.

Another.

I hope a Valentine will prove as true,
As well in old ſtyle, as in new.

Valentine.

O gentle youth, be you but kind,
The truth I will reveal;
The thoughts that hang upon my mind,
I cannot them conceal.
The ſeather'd tenants of the air,
Each chooſe a partner for the year;
Could I for life ſuch pleaſure ſhare,
Would caſt away all doubt and fear.
Then think dear youth, my heart is thine,
And that I call you my dear Valentine.

Valentine.

I laugh, and I ſing, I am merry and free;
Yet friendſhip and love in my mind doth agree.

And though I am chearful, don't think I reſign,
The thought that I claim you my true Valentine.

Valentine.

When vapours o'er the meadows die,
And morning ſtreaks the purple ſky;
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think of him who ſighs for me.
When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And Philomel laments her love;
Each ſigh I breathe my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my boſom feels.
With ſecret pleaſure I ſurvey
The birds, this morn, in am'rous play;
While fondeſt cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, bounds, and leaps for joy:
How ſweet the day of Valentine,
Wherein I hope to call you mine.

Valentine.

Go tuneful birds that glad the ſkies,
To Sally's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.
And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe prize thy matin ſong,
Tell her the ſounds that ſooth her ear,
To Henry's native plains belong.
Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to Henry's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.
Tell her I'm griev'd to ſee her vain,
Or that her ſenſe ſhould once give ear,
To flattery's voice, and folly's train,
Of fops, whoſe hearts are not ſincere.

An Anſwer.

Go ſeek ſome nymph of humbler lot,
To ſhare thy board, and deck thy cot:

With

With joy I fly the ſimple youth,
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.
Thy breaſt, for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleaſure gone.
Nor ſhall my faith reward a ſwain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

Another.

I think you're a rover,
And therefore my lover,
You certainly never will be;
And your Valentine,
I wiſh to reſign,
And requeſt you'll no more trouble me.

Valentine.

Oh! how vain is every bleſſing,
How inſipid all our joys;

Life

Life has little worth poſſeſſing,
But when love its time employs.
Long I've lov'd, and long have ſtrove,
To check the tyrant's ſway;
But vain doth every effort prove,
His will I muſt obey.
And therefore chooſe this happy morn,
The ſecret to declare;
And aſk you for my Valentine,
Your love through life to ſhare.

Valentine.

Long from the force of beauty's charms,
I've wander'd gay and free;
Endur'd no grief, felt no alarms,
Reſerv'd to fall by thee.
Thou fair one, thou alone canſt move
This paſſion in my breaſt;
Thou, thou alone, canſt teach me love;
Oh teach me to be bleſt.

And let this day of Valentine,
Rejoice a faithful ſwain,
Who begs that for this heart of mine,
You'll give him yours again.

Valentine.

Go zephyr and tell my ſweet maid,
That I ſigh at her cruel delay;
Go, tell her the ſong of the ſhade,
Is ſilent while ſhe is away.
'Tis your beauty gives life to the vale,
And fills your fond ſwain with delight;
'Tis your voice that enlivens the gale,
'Tis your charms that give luſtre to night.
Then come my ſweet girl to your ſwain,
With love and with truth, Oh! be mine;
That my heart may be joyful again,
And hail you my dear Valentine.

Valentine.

Valentine.

Oh Mary, deareſt, ſweeteſt, beſt;
Pride of each heart, and joy of mine;
Wilt thou relieve my love-ſick breaſt,
And be my faithful Valentine?
Wilt thou my artleſs vows regard,
My falt'ring tongue, and down-caſt eye?
Wilt thou my anxious hours reward,
And pay me with a mutual ſigh?
For thee I ſlight each other fair,
And give thee all my faithful heart;
And by the power of love I ſwear,
That falſehood there, ſhall hold no part.
For thee I'd every fate endure,
For thee I'd every toil defy!
And wilt thou bid me hope ſecure,
And pay me with a mutual ſigh?

Valentine.

Though often abſent from my ſight,
Toſs'd up and down the wat'ry main,

My

My thoughts of you makes all things right,
That I may ſee you once again.
When heavy gales and ſtorms ariſe,
My boſom heaves a tender ſigh,
When that abates fond I ſurmiſe,
That in the harbour ſoon you'll lye.
The news arrives, with joy elated,
In hopes our hearts for to intwine;
Accept theſe lines, though ſimply ſtated,
Succeſs to the crew, and you my Valentine.

Valentine.

Dear Fanny hear thy lover's pray'r,
When you theſe lines peruſe:
Believe that you're his only care,
And all his faults excuſe.

FINIS.

23 JY 68

Printed by Shaw & Son, *Silver Street, Fleet Street.*